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Cole, Rossetter  
Gleason  
[King Robert of  
Sicily; arr.]  
King Robert of  
Sicily

1626  
C65  
OP. 22







3799  
165  
ROSSETTER G. COLE

OP. 22

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King Robert of Sicily

*For Recitation and Pianoforte*

*(or Pianoforte with Organ)*

*or Orchestra*



*Poem from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn"*

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ROSSETTER G. COLE

OP. 22



# King Robert of Sicily

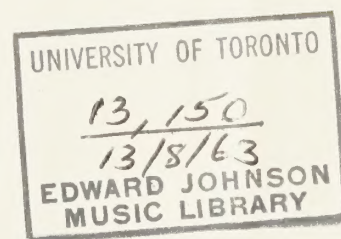
*For Recitation and Pianoforte*

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M  
1626  
C65  
op. 22

### PREFATORY NOTE


*In order that the unity of the musical and poetic thought may be more perfectly brought out in the interpretation, it is necessary that certain moments in the music and the poetic text should exactly coincide. Where this is essential, the bar-line ( | ) has been used to indicate it, as on page 8 measure 9, page 9 measures 4 and 12, and elsewhere. The beginning and end of each stanza, or smaller thought-group, are indicated by the position of the words over their respective musical measures; this should be observed, and with due reference to the indicated tempo of the music. Within these larger groupings, however, much freedom of rhetorical utterance is possible without disturbing the unity.*

*The rhetorical pauses, at times, will necessarily be somewhat longer than when the poem is read by itself, the music acting as interpreter when the reader is silent.*

*When both organ and piano are available, the effectiveness of the music can be greatly enhanced by playing some parts (as indicated in the score) on the organ. In a few places the organ can be judiciously used, with the piano, to add orchestral coloring.*

R. G. C.





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## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

**R**OBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles."  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne!"  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"



The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed:  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light!  
It was an Angel; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.  
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes;  
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"  
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,  
"I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou



Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend, the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.  
And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe



Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;



The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber-floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture, bade the rest retire;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!  
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"  
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street:  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,



And has exalted them of low degree!"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
But all apparelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there,  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

LONGFELLOW



## King Robert of Sicily

From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Rossetter G. Cole. Op. 22

**Piano**

**Largo** (♩ = 50)

*p*

(♩ = ♩)

(Organ) \* *p*

*pp*

*dim.*

\* Organ continues from here to foot of page 7.

Orchestral parts, also an arrangement for String Instruments and Piano, are to be had of the Publishers

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First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with a long slur spanning the first four measures. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cresc.* (crescendo) in the first measure, and *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cresc.* in the fifth measure.

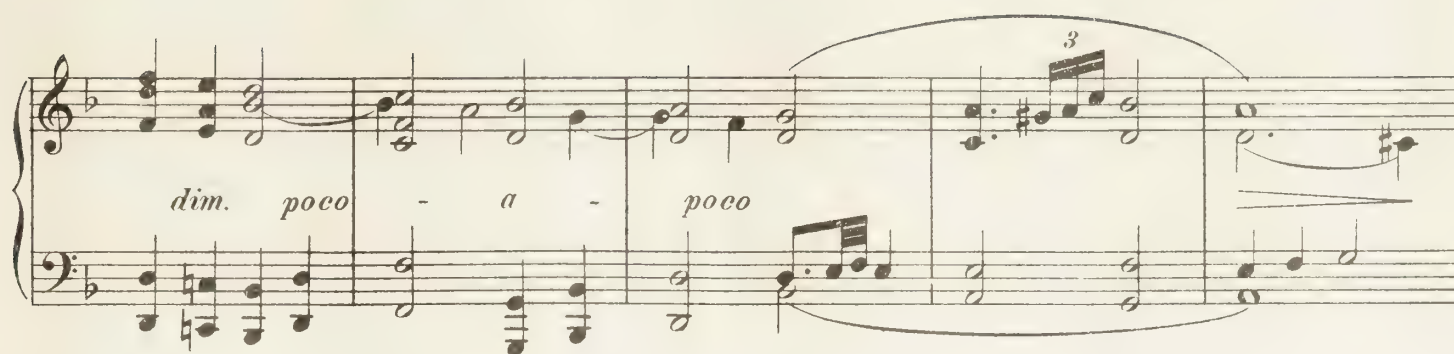
Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues the melodic development with various slurs. The left hand accompaniment includes some chords. Dynamics include *poco* (poco) in the first measure and *a* (allegro) in the third measure.

Third system of the piano score. This system is characterized by dense, rapid chords in both hands, creating a powerful texture. The dynamic is marked *ff* (fortissimo).

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand features a triplet accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *sempre ff* (sempre fortissimo).

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur. The left hand accompaniment includes some chords. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo).





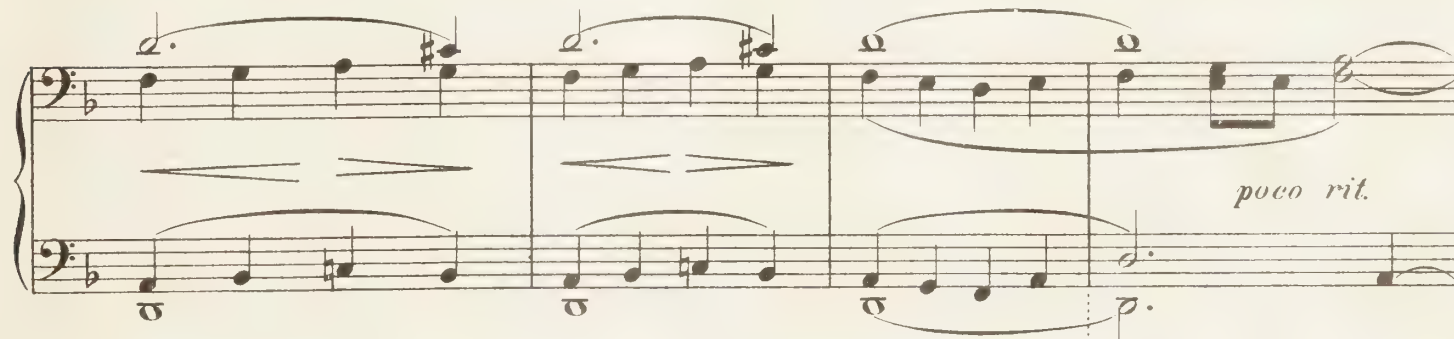
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,



Apparelled in magnificent attire, With retinue of many a knight and squire, On St. John's eve, at vespers,



proudly sat And heard the priests chant the Magnificat. And as he listened, o'er and o'er again Repeated,



Ossia





like a burden or refrain, He caught the words, "De - po - su - it po - ten - tes de se - de, et ex -

*mf* *colla voce*

"De - po - su - it po - ten - tes de se - de, et ex -

*mf* *colla voce*

*a tempo*  
al - ta - vit hu - mi - les;" And slowly lifting up his kingly

*a tempo*  
*dim.* *p*

*a tempo*  
al - ta - vit hu - mi - les;"

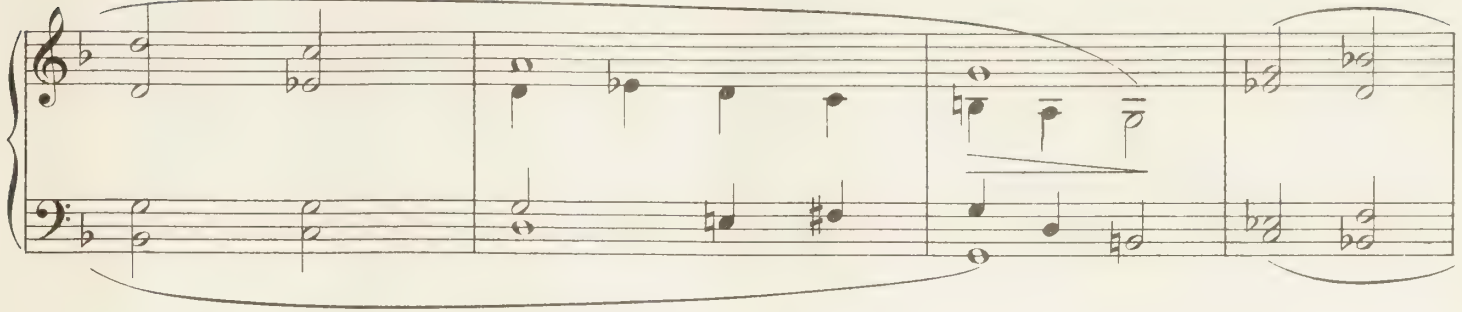
*a tempo*  
*dim.* *p*

head, He to a learned clerk beside him said, "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,

\* The rhythmical notation of this chant (Tone VI) as here given is not to be followed literally, for of course the freedom of the chant does not admit of reduction to exact measure-forms. It is merely approximate - a suggestive guide to those who may not be familiar with the chant in its pure form. Should it be desired to *read* the words of the chant, rather than to sing them, the accompanist will omit the five measures following the chord marked ♫, holding this chord until the sixth measure.



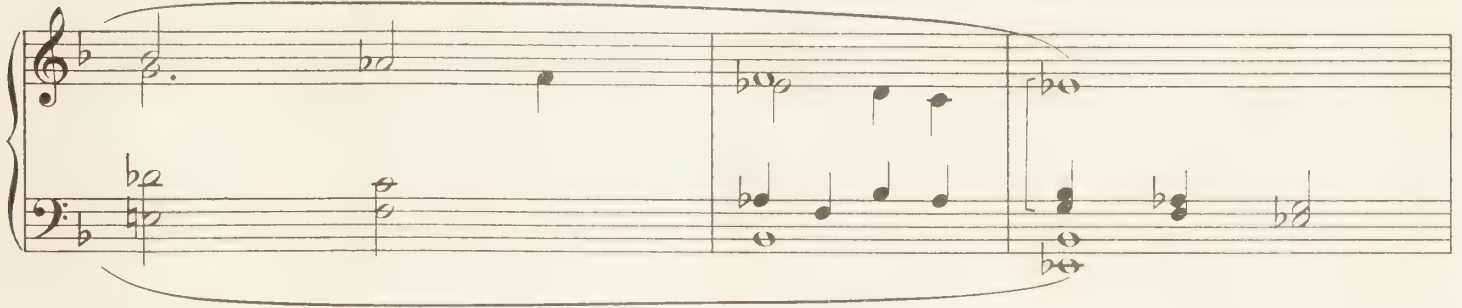
"He has put down the mighty from their seat, And has exalted them of low degree."



Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully, "Tis well that such seditious words are sung Only by priests and in the Latin

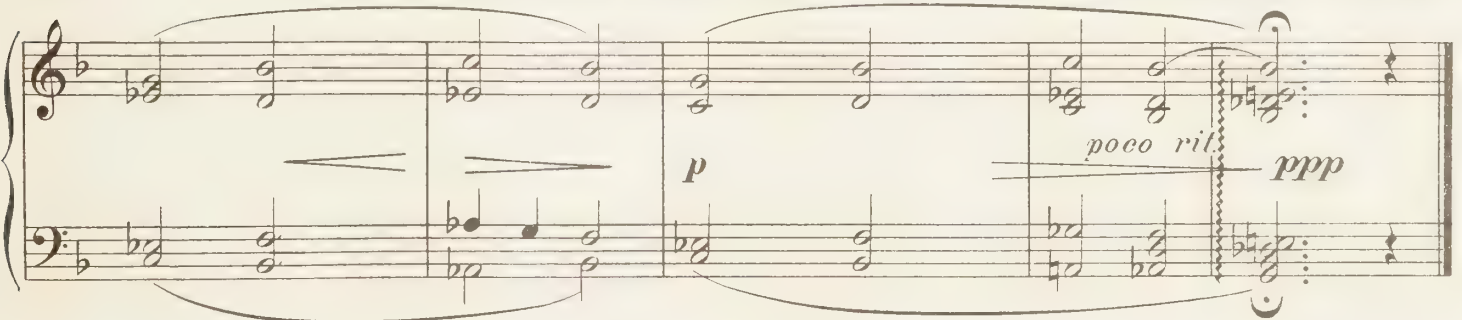


tongue; For unto priests and people be it known, There is no power can push me from my



throne!"

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.



When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.



He groped toward the door, but it was locked; He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
*Poco agitato* (♩ = 84)



And uttered awful threatenings and complaints, And imprecations upon men and saints. The



sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls. At length the



sexton, hearing from without The tumult of the knocking and the shout, And thinking



thieves were in the house of prayer, Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"



Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said, "Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou a-



fraid?" The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse, "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"



Turned the great key and flung the portal wide; A man rushed by him at a single stride, Haggard,



half-naked, without hat or cloak, Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke, But |



leaped into the blackness of the night, And vanished like a spectre from his





sight.

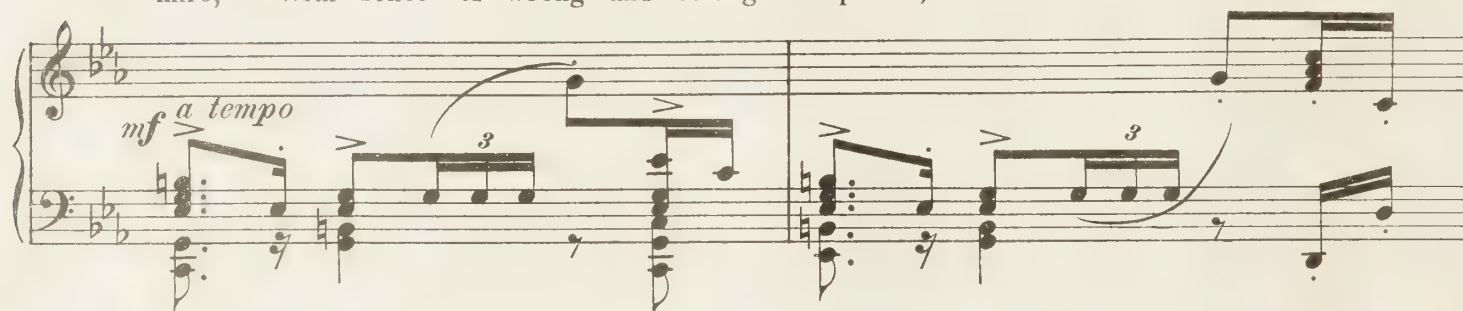
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Moderato (♩ = 80)

Despoiled of his magnificent attire,

Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with



mire, With sense of wrong and outrage desperate, Strode on and thundered at the



palace gate; Rushed thro' the courtyard,

thrusting in his rage To right and left each



seneschal and page, And hurried up the broad and sounding stair, His white face



ghastly in the torches' glare.

From hall to hall he passed with breathless  
[speed;

Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, Until at last he reached the

banquet - room, | Blazing with light, and

breathing with perfume.

★) The following ten measures (to +) can be effectively taken on the Organ (Swell), with soft 8-foot tone.



There on the dais sat another king, Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring, King Robert's

*Andante* (♩ = 63)

self in features, form and height, But all transfigured with angelic light! It was an

Angel; and his presence there With a divine effulgence filled the air, An exaltation, piercing the disguise,

Tho' none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed, The

throneless monarch on the Angel gazed, Who met his look of anger and surprise With the divine com -

passion of his eyes; Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou



here?" To which King Robert answered, with a sneer, "I, I am the King,

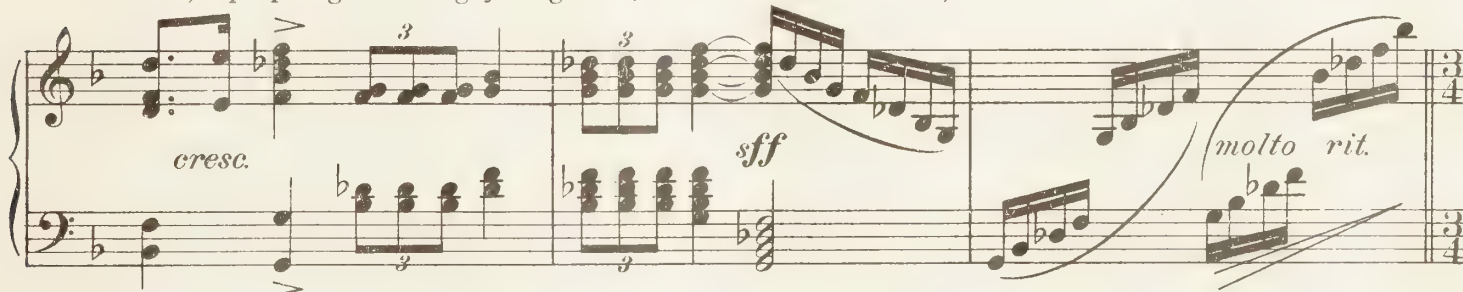
*Allegro con fuoco* (♩ = 132)



and come to claim my own From an impostor, who usurps my throne!" And suddenly, at these audacious



words, Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;



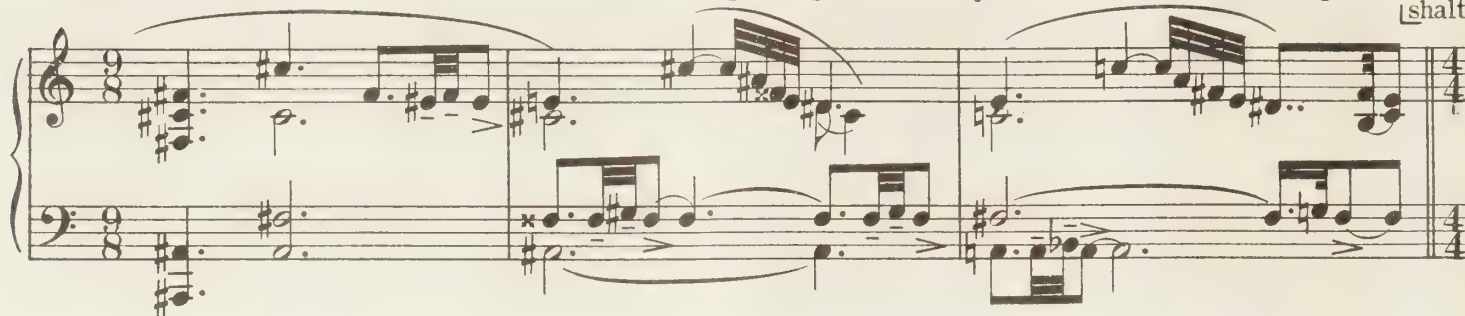
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow, "Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester,

*Andante* (♩ = 72)





thou Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape, And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape; Thou shalt



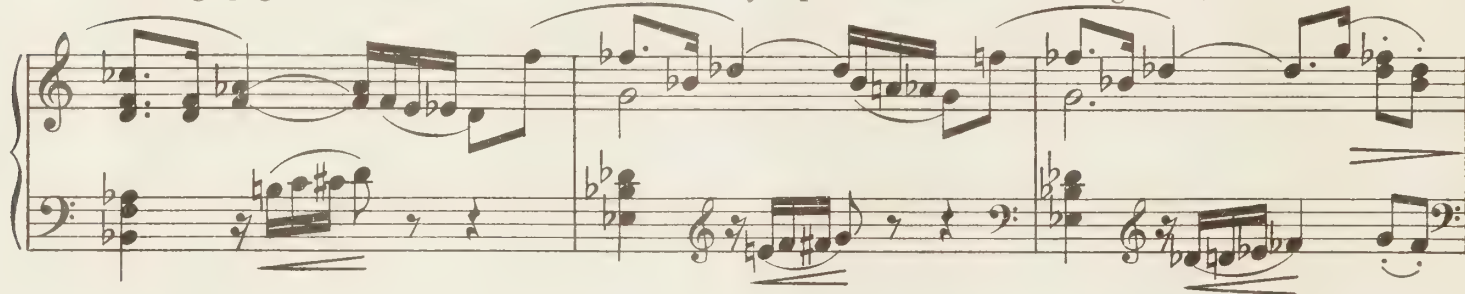
obey my servants when they call, And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!" Deaf to King  
Allegro moderato (♩ = 108) poco



Robert's threats and cries and prayers, They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs; A group of  
animato (♩ = 120)



tittering pages ran before, And as they opened wide the folding-door, His heart



failed, for he heard, with strange alarms, The boisterous laughter of the men-at-



arms, And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring With the mock plaudits of

Musical score for the first system, featuring piano and bass staves. The piano part includes triplets and dynamic markings *sf* and *ff*. The bass part includes triplets and dynamic markings *sf* and *ff*.

"Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's  
a little slower ( $\text{♩} = 96$ )

Musical score for the second system, featuring piano and bass staves. The piano part includes triplets and dynamic markings *dim.*, *rit.*, and *p*. The bass part includes triplets and dynamic markings *dim.*, *rit.*, and *p*.

first beam, He said within himself,

"It was a dream!" But the straw rustled as he

Musical score for the third system, featuring piano and bass staves. The piano part includes triplets and dynamic markings *p*. The bass part includes triplets and dynamic markings *p*.

turned his head, There were the cap and bells beside his bed, Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,

Musical score for the fourth system, featuring piano and bass staves. The piano part includes triplets and dynamic markings *cresc.* and *rit.*. The bass part includes triplets and dynamic markings *cresc.* and *rit.*.

Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a

slower still ( $\text{♩} = 66$ )

Musical score for the fifth system, featuring piano and bass staves. The piano part includes triplets and dynamic markings *mp*. The bass part includes triplets and dynamic markings *mp*.



revolting shape, Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.

It was no dream; the world he loved so much Had turned  
Allegro agitato (♩ = 160)

to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went;  
Andante tranquillo (♩ = 72)

and now returned again To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;

Under the Angel's governance benign The

happy island danced with corn and wine, And deep within the mountain's burning

breast Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,

Sullen and silent and disconsolate. Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear, With

look bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, By courtiers mocked,  
**Allegro** (♩=104)

by pages laughed to scorn,

His only friend, the ape,

his only food What

others left,

he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his



way, And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, Sternly, though tenderly, that he

might feel The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel, "Art thou the Adagio

King?" the passion of his woe Burst from him in resistless overflow, And, Allegro agitato (♩ = 120)

lifting high his forehead, he would fling The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the



Almost three years were ended; when there came  
 Ambassadors of great repute and name  
 From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
 By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
 On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
 The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
 And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
 Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
 Into the lovely land of Italy,  
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.  
 And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
 His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,  
 The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
 King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
 In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's square,  
*Allegro con moto* (♩ = 116)



Giving his benediction and embrace, Fervent, and full of apostolic grace. While





with congratulations and with prayers He entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the Jester,

bursting through the crowd, Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud, "I am the King! Look and

behold in me Robert, your brother, King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes;

Is an impostor in a king's disguise. Do you not know me?

does no voice within Answer my cry, and say 'we are akin?'"

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien, Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene; The Emperor, laughing,

*a tempo* Allegretto (♩ = 96)

said, "It is strange sport To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"

And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace Was

*poco rall.*

hustled back among the populace.

*dim. e rit.*

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; The

Adagio (♩ = 60)



presence of the Angel, with its light, Before the sun rose, made the city

bright, And with new fervor filled the hearts of men, Who felt that

Christ indeed had risen again. Even the Jester, on his bed of

straw, With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw; He felt within a power un-

felt before, And, kneeling humbly on his chamber - floor, He heard the

rushing garments of the Lord Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

*pp*

*pp* *rit.* *pp*

And now the visit ending, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, Homeward the

**Maestoso** ( $\text{♩} = 84$ )

*mp*

Angel journeyed, and again The land was made resplendent with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea. And when once

*dim.*

more within Palermo's wall,

And seated on the throne in his great hall, He heard the

*Slower*  
*pp* (Organ) *p*

(as if in the distance)



Angelus from convent towers, As if the better world conversed with ours,

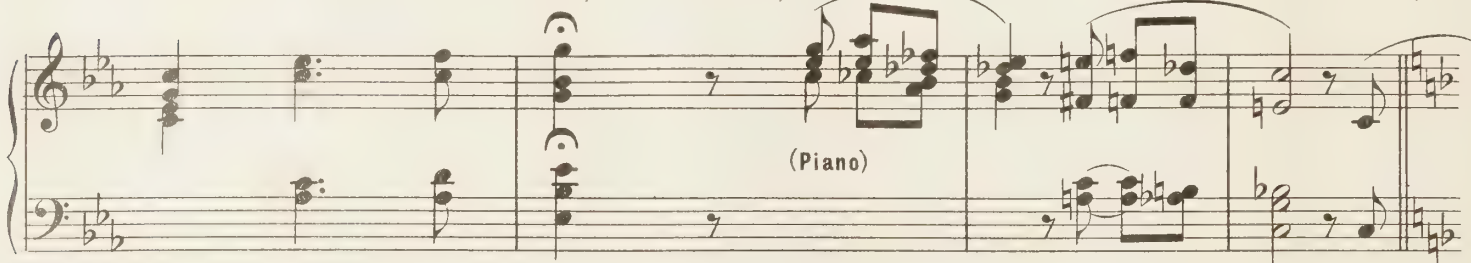


He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher, And with a gesture, bade the rest retire;



And when they were alone, the Angel said,

"Art thou the King?" Then,



bowing down his head, King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, And meekly answered him:  
Adagio (♩ = 60)



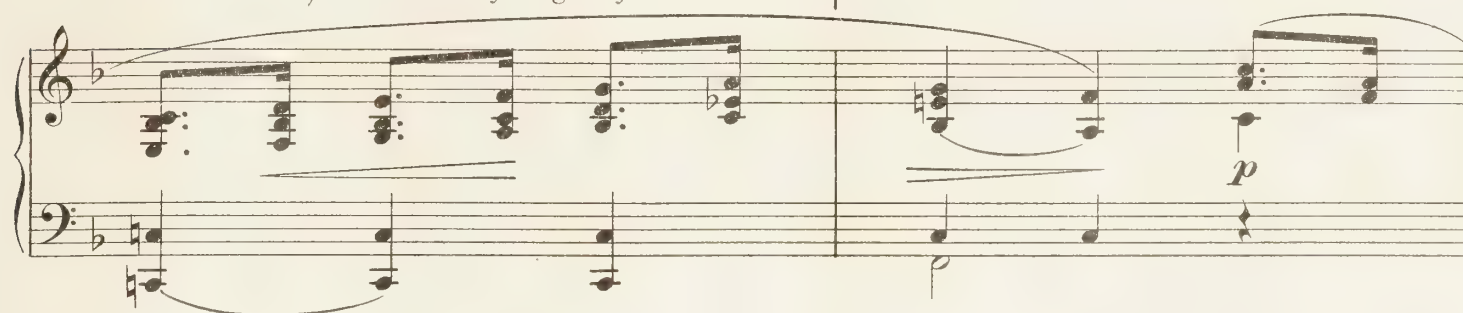
"Thou knowest best! My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, And in some



cloister's school of penitence, Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven, Walk



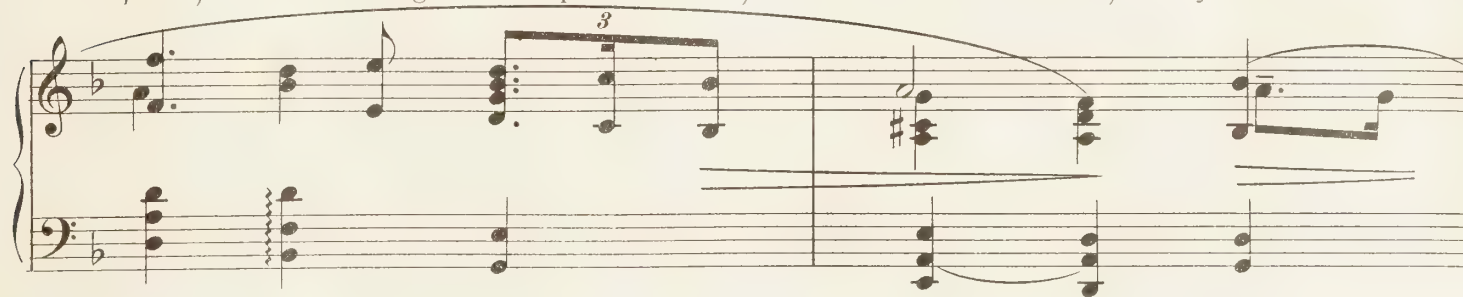
bare - foot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"



The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face A holy light illumined all the



place, And through the open window, loud and clear, They heard the



monks chant in the chapel near, Above the stir and tumult of the street:





\* "He has put down the might-y from their seat, — And has ex - alt - ed

*p* *colla voce* (A)

them of low — de - gree!"

And thro' the chant a second melody

(B)

*And.* \*

Rose like the throbbing of a single string:

"I am an An - gel,

*And.* \*

*pp*

— and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the

\* To be freely intoned, though preserving the general measure outlines as indicated. If this and the following ("I am an Angel", etc.) are spoken, not sung, the measures marked A and B respectively may be omitted, if necessary.

throne, Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! But all apparelled as in days of



old, With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold; And when his courtiers came,



they found him there, Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent



prayer.





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